UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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UNITY.

Senior Editor: JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Assistant Editor: CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY

Editorial Contributors:

RICHARD BARTRAM, J. VILA BLAKE, CHARLES F. DOLE, JOHN R. EFFINGER, EMIL G. HIRSCH, FREDERICK L. HOSMER, WILLIAM C. GANNETT, ELLEN T. LEONARD, JOHN C. LEARNED, EMMA E. MAREAN, HENRY DOTY MAXSON, R. HEBER NEWTON, WILLIAM M. SALTER, MINOT J. SAVAGE, MARION D. SHUTTER, HENRY M. SIMMONS, JAMES G. TOWNSEND, KATE GANNETT WELLS,

UNITY PUBLISHING COMMITTEE: Messrs. Blake, Gannett, Hosmer, Jones, Learned and Simmons.

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Contents.

	PAGE.
EDITORIAL.	
Notes	73
The Annual Rally	73
The Light of the World.—F. L. H.	74
Men and Things	74
CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.	
As The Crow Flies.—ALICE GORDON.	75
Out of the First Fear and Fall.—ORL HOWELL	75
THE STUDY TABLE	75
CHURCH DOOR PULPIT.	
Sentiment *vs.* Science.—DR. C. T. STOCKWELL	76
NOTES FROM THE FIELD	78
THE HOME	79
ANNOUNCEMENTS	80

Ten weeks ten cents. UNITY will be sent ten weeks on trial to a new name for ten cents. Subscribers are invited to read the premium offer on last page and send lists of trial names at once.

Editorial.

THE *Unitarian Review* for April in an appreciative review of Prof. Toy's "Judaism and Christianity," says, "Few discussions of the Bible are better fitted to make converts to a liberal theology than this substantial work."

GEORGE MACDONALD humorously defends the professions of both the doctor and the minister. One of the characters in "Adela Cathcart" says, "They see that everything is proper. The doctor makes sure we are dead before we are buried, and the parson that we are buried after we are dead."

THE wise and witty paper read by Mr. Duncan at the last meeting of the Illinois State Conference was published in the *Christian Register* for April 9th, and anybody who wants to study the old perplexing problem of church music under a fresh light should read "Our New Choir." It further exemplifies the spirit and the ability of the man that the State of Illinois has now in the field as its Unitarian misionary. Let his hands be held up and his forces utilized.

WE second Harry Wadsworth's nomination, in the *Christian Register* of April 16, of Edward Everett Hale as a member of the Board of Directors of the American Unitarian Association. He is easily the best known Unitarian minister in America to-day and should be in the councils of the body he honors. By the way, many of the readers of UNITY are awaiting with interest the action of the "Nominating Committee." We trust that this committee will not repeat the mistake of previous years, postponing its action to so late a date that the deliberate choice of the denomination, as expressed through the wishes of those who are entitled to express them, can not be obtained. This is a large country and it takes some time to have the word go around.

Rev. E. C. L. Browne, in a recent number of the *Christian Register*, has a timely word concerning denominational "Middle-Men." The force that makes Unitarian churches must always be an internal one. It can not be built by forces from without, like a barn. It must grow in obedience to a force from within, like a lily. The missionary most in demand is always the prophet that can inspire, not the mechanic that can direct. It is sad not to have a Unitarian church where one is needed, sadder still to have a church building and organization where there is not the spirit and consecration to use the same.

PERHAPS the most refreshing thing in the interesting programme of the Iowa Conference held last week at Des Moines was the hopeful word from Keokuk. Mr. Pratt, the new minister, spoke of the reviving life and interest in that quarter. In the light of this report it was a little amusing to recall the many lugubrious obituary notices that have been read of this society on the floors of our conferences in the West. For many years now it has been reported "hopelessly dead," and the causes of death have been variously and eloquently pointed out. This surprise and happy disappointment is another illustration of the principle so often stated in this paper, that "however hard it is to make a Unitarian church live in our western fields it is still harder to kill it." This is one more "burnt district," and some time we shall grow wise, charitable and patient enough neither to lose heart nor temper over these interregnums which the exigencies of the cause we represent sometimes make inevitable. We welcome Brother Pratt into fellowship, send our congratulations to the friends at Keokuk, take heart and go on again.

THE city of St. Paul fails to honor the heroic spirit of its apostolic namesake, in a recent article in the *Daily Globe* on "The New Religion." It begins by calling attention to an excellent series of discourses by Rev. S. M. Crothers on "The Reformation of the Nineteenth Century," and pays a high tribute to the pastor of Unity Church, saying that it is perhaps "condemning him with feeble praise to say that he is the foremost intellectual light in our local Protestant pulpit." The *Globe* adds that if St. Paul was an intellectual center, such preaching as his would win more popular attention; but it also attributes the small following which rational religion wins, here and elsewhere, to manifest defects, as it considers them, in the system itself. The majority of men and women prefer superstition to reason as a guide to faith. The time will never come when the world can get along without religion, "and religion, as the wayfarer conceives it, is impossible without superstition." The *Globe* regards the new order of faith as "interesting," sure to meet a response in the minds of a few; but finds little support in it for religious consciousness of the multitude. And yet, we suspect the writer of this article is one who, in his own person, is quite satisfied with the deductions of the new belief, and that it is lack of courage, rather than of conviction, that prompts this apologetic attitude towards it.

THE writer of an interesting and discriminating letter on Cardinal Newman in the *Nation* thinks that as "an arbitrary fantast" he will take rank with Origen and Jacob Boehme; that his exaltation in the British public mind was due to romantic sources, Newman's constitutionally melancholy and superstitious nature tending to render him a picturesque character to his countrymen, who are given to hero-worship. Added to these qualities was an "unreasoning self-will" which made him the more a typical Englishman. This was enough, says the writer, to secure him the homage he received from his countrymen, "though millions of them could not but acknowledge that his aspirations were such as, if realized, would go far to extinguish genuine enlightenment, and would operate to enslave the world once more to the execrable tyranny and the ridiculous mummeries of mendacious and self-seeking priestcraft."

UNITY shares with the friends of Unitarianism and the still wider circle, the friends of culture and character everywhere, a sense of loss in the death of the faithful and wise standard bearer, Frederick Frothingham, of Milton, Mass. Mr. Frothingham represented that unostentatious and quiet excellence in the ministry which was content to do what it could and bide the slow process of the universe; not feverish for results nor discouraged when none appeared. When he could *do* nothing, he was content to *be* more than he could say or do. He did not represent the type called "missionary," but we might look far before finding one who did more to make our cause a progressive and pervasive one. This man was a faithful friend of UNITY and the Western Conference, and his words have brought timely cheer to those working at the Chicago Headquarters under severe strain and during dark hours. Gone is he, yet his strength abides. We shall miss him, but be stronger for having known that we once enjoyed his confidence.

A FRIEND of UNITY writes to express his disappointment in the tenor of an editorial note of a few weeks ago, on the reported expenditure of $20,000 for flowers at the Astor-Willing wedding, saying that he has taken pains to look into the matter and finds that the amount thus spent was nearer $2,000. We commend his industry and are glad to have our first impression corrected; yet we think the general fact against which we entered a protest, viz., the reckless extravagance and display which grace (?) the festivities of high life remains about the same. Our friend incloses an extract from the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, commenting on our words in the same strain. "It is strange," says this paper, "that some people confine their ideas of wastefulness to expenditures for objects that can not be eaten." As UNITY is somewhat noted among its friends for the abstemious gospel it continually preaches on the indulgences of the flesh, this indirect charge evokes a broad smile. The *Ledger* then goes on to cite the large number of people employed in the flower industry and the consequent obligation of all classes of society to encourage the same. But this style of argument is becoming sadly worn.

IT would be hard to find a minister in any denomination who holds such a place in the affections of the people as Loammi G. Ware had made in the city of Burlington, Vt. He was a rare man; scholarly and refined in his tastes, brave and tender in feeling, unexcelled as a pastor, public spirited in his life, broad and charitable in his thought. When he died old and young, rich and poor, orthodox and heterodox united in giving expression to the common sorrow. Never has there been rendered more sincere and touching tributes than were offered to his goodness and worth on Sunday, April 12, when 2,000 people gathered in and about the Unitarian church to which he had ministered for nearly thirty years. His memory is as fragrant as the flowers he loved. As Prof. Rice said, "We bury him not in cold, forgetful earth, but in our faith, our hope, our love, our prayer."

AN interesting experiment in universal suffrage was tried at the last town election in Lombard, Ill., by fifteen courageous women, led by Miss Ellen A. Martin, lawyer. These innovators upon the prescribed customs of their quiet village claimed the right to vote on the simple, but as it proved tenable ground, afforded in the plain construction of the village charter. This charter was drawn up by Gen. Sweet, with the express intention of so wording it that women might vote. The logic of the position supported by Miss Martin's clear and quiet method of statement enabled the women to carry the point. Their votes were cast, counted and recorded, and the village has not experienced such an attack of mental excitement for years. The only way in which those who objected to this innovation can prevent its repetition is to get rid of the charter and incorporate under the general law, and we understand a movement is forming to this end, but those having it in charge apparently forget that women will now be able to vote on any such proposed change. Miss Martin is a member of the firm, Perry & Martin. The former name will recall to our city readers the untimely death, a few years ago, of that talented and promising member of the bar, M. Fredrika Perry.

Our Annual Rally.

"Come to Conference!"

"Can not afford it."

"It costs so much time and money and strength, and I can do so little good. I had better stay at home and send my money?"

This sounds sensible, but do you not know that those who stay at home generally forget to send the money; while those who do come are those who, spite the expense and fatigue, still find more money to sustain the work the Conference stands for? The law of human fellowship is a subtle one. Spiritual comradeship is a rare and delicate plant, it must needs be cultivated. The Unitarian society that determines to make *itself* strong and self-reliant first and then *help others*, seldom reaches either the coveted strength or usefulness, while

the society of men and women that are actively, aggressively and confessedly in alliance with larger activities, working for the same ideals, reach a strength and vitality unexpected and uncalculated.

The outline of the programme for the Western Unitarian anniversaries to be held in the Third Unitarian Church, Rev. J. V. Blake, pastor, May 12-14th, published in last issue is sufficient to show the intellectual virility and variety of the occasion. Not for many a year has there been a promise of such variety of speakers and a more attractive array of topics. It is easy in thought to differentiate the Unitarian, the Universalist, the Independent and the Ethical Culturist from each other, but when it comes to separating these men and women in organized groups it becomes impossible to find the smallest Unitarian Society in a western town which does not contain representatives of nearly or all of these names, and so it is with deliberation and as we think, with wisdom and justice that the directors have labored to have these various forces represented. Paul Frothingham and W. W. Fenn will represent the Unitarians from the East, and we regret that the various invitations extended other and older representatives of our faith in that direction could not have been accepted. Dr. Kerr and the present unclassified Mr. MacQueary will represent the Independents, Mr. Sheldon will represent the Ethical Culture Society; Dr. Canfield and Rev. Augusta Chapin, the Universalist, Dr. Hirsch and Rabbi Stoltz will represent our Jewish co-laborers; while the names of Maxson, Bradley, Learned, Gannett, Root and Miss Tupper show that those of our own household will not have to remain silent. For the first time in the history of the world, we suspect, a Religious Conference representing the age and extent of territory that the W. U. C. does is to receive the opening sermon from the lips of a woman, and those who know the work of Mary Safford will know that the word will be an apostolic one.

Aside from the attraction of the topics and the interest of the speakers, the old claims of the CAUSE come with renewed emphasis to every friend of untrammeled religion and practical piety, a religion founded on an ethical purpose, asking them to attend the meetings to give and receive strength. The work of the Western Conference must go on. Let it go on under the best auspices. The ten thousand dollars "Memorial Fund" dedicated to the name and memory of Theodore Parker has all been raised, save the last $800. May not UNITY, whose plea for help has been so often rewarded, bring this last $800 before the opening word is spoken? The pursuit of this Endowment Fund has naturally endangered the contributions to current expenses, but our friends should not allow such danger to go unmet. The record which the Conference has made for itself since 1886 ought not to be broken, and we ought to come in with bills all provided for. We trust that those churches which have not yet given anything this year, will see to it that they are counted in. And are there not isolated liberals, disconnected readers of UNITY, who by the payment of a small or larger sum will thus swell the amount of spiritual power. Come to Conference. If not in one way then in another. Come not because you will have a good time, though that it is to be expected, but because there is a good cause to be sustained, humanity to be helped. One dollar makes one an annual member; twenty-five dollars a life member. This membership entitles one to the privileges of the floor and all other privileges except voting, this being strictly a delegate privilege.

The Light of the World.*

Sir Edwin Arnold's new volume opens with an introduction by Richard Henry Stoddard, in which he tells us that "poetry, which was once supposed to be an inspiration," is now "universally recognized to be an art," and has its "rules," and these rules have been "formulated into a system of critical laws," and that "not to know" these laws is "to know nothing of poetry." In spite of this confident dictum, however, whether he know much *of* poetry or not, a man may at least know *poetry* when he sees it and yet know little of these "laws." And there may be much very correct writing according to these "formulated laws" which falls short of genuine poetry and fails to find any wide response in men's feeling and thought. The introduction closes with the judgment that "it was much to have written 'The Light of Asia,' but it is more, infinitely more (!) to have written 'The Light of the World,' of which every lover of sacred song will say, when he has finished it:

'That strain I heard was of a higher mood.'"

We do not feel so sure of this as Mr. Stoddard appears to feel; and his "infinitely more" seems to us a rather strong superlative. In fact we will confess to laying the book down with a sense of disappointment in the reading. This disappointment may in part be the result of the large advertising which preceded the appearance of the volume, and which smacked of a hoped-for profitable commercial venture if not a literary success. We suspect, however, it is due in much larger part to the character of the theme which the author has here chosen. As to the quality of the blank verse we see little to choose between the "Light of Asia" and the "Light of the World." Both volumes contain passages of marked beauty and merit; and both contain pages of rather commonplace lines. There is manifested a frequent tendency to multiply words, which may be in accordance with the "formulated laws" by which poetry is made, but which somehow does not seem greatly to stir thought or awaken emotion. Similes are occasionally expanded until these jewels quite cover the body which they are meant to adorn; as where, for example, nearly two pages are given to a description of an extinct volcano as a type of the "heart storms" that had left their trace on Mary Magdalene's "high countenance." A foot-note kindly vouchsafes the information that these particular lines "were written at the foot of the famous extinct volcano, Fuji San, near Tokyo, in Japan!"

In our judgment Sir Edwin had a field for his large oriental scholarship and his catholic sympathy in portraying in verse the story of Buddha which, to English-speaking readers at least, was not at all duplicated in the story of Jesus of Nazareth. In the first place the story of the great ethnic religions and their founders has awakened the popular attention and interest within the pale of Christendom in these late years as never before; and his "Light of Asia" appealed to this awakened interest and was a valuable contribution to the larger study of religion. Again, the story of Buddha had no such familiarity and association for the readers of his book as has the narrative of our Gospels. His former work therefore suggested and invited no such comparison as is inevitable in the case of this last volume. It is a hazardous experiment for any writer to attempt to tell in prose—and still more, in verse—what is so simply told in the New Testament, or to weave threads of the latter in with the spinnings of his own fancy. Longfellow carried for years the thought and purpose of his "Divine Tragedy" in his mind before he dared put his pen to the work; and no other thing he ever wrote, save only his translation of Dante's great poem, cost him so much study and labor, so he tells us. And no other English-speaking poet of this century, it may safely be said, has been by natural gift and acquired culture so well qualified for such a work as was Longfellow. He possessed an almost unerring literary taste. His mind was stored with sacred legendary lore. He could interweave threads of a piece with those of the simple Gospel stories; and he could set those stories in measured verse with scarcely a change of words, certainly with no weakening of them by multiplied and diffuse phraseology to fill out his page. In this respect one needs only to turn from "The Light of the World" to the "Divine Tragedy" and to compare the Gospel reproductions in the two poems, in order to see how far short Sir Edwin falls of Longfellow's compactness, simplicity and beauty.

The "Light of Asia" we read with a real interest. It seemed to bring us nearer to the great prophet of Buddhism and to picture him to us as he stood in the devotion of his disciples and followers. That was its high service to many. We can not confess to a like service in Mr. Arnold's last work. It does not make the great prophet of Nazareth more real to us. What with its capitalized pronouns, its reproductions of the Gospel marvels and miracles in rather flowery and elaborated descriptions, its multiplied adjectives where the author might well trust the reader to see for himself the beauty and dignity of the Hero of the poem, the book seems rather to remove farther from us the central character of Christian story, whose portrait the higher criticism of our age is striving more and more successfully to reproduce for us. Strength seems dissolved in sweetness, sweetness that often runs into insipidity. We read of "the pale, *sweet* Man;" "Meek and *sweet* in the sun He stands;" again he is "sternly *sweet*;" and we are told of "the far Father in the close *sweet* Son;" and of what our "*sweet* Lord" taught; and so on *ad nauseam*, as if the author's Mary Magdalene were a modern girl half-way through her teens and just fresh from a society boarding-school. As we have said, there are passages of marked beauty in the book, more especially in some of its descriptions of natural scenery; but we can not count the volume as any important contribution either to the study and interpretation of the life of Jesus, or to permanent literature. F. L. H.

*Sir Edwin Arnold, K. C. I. E., C. S. I., New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Paper covers, 50 cts.; in cloth, illustrated, $1.75.

IT is so hard to prove a negative, that if a man should assert the moon was a green cheese, formed of the coagulable substance of the Milky Way, and challenge one to prove the contrary, I might be puzzled.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

THE life of the truly religious is as direct as sunlight, persistent as gravitation, earnest as nature and with such reverence as befits one who is privileged every night to look upon stars and throw his mind where planets are.

SURELY it is time we ceased to speak and act as if truth among Gentiles and truth among Christians were two wholly different things.—*Prof. Monier Williams.*

NEVER mind results. Let life be devoted to principle. God will take care of consequences. He knows how to use the weak and to preserve the humble.

Men and Things.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD says the Mikado of Japan is always obliged to walk alone in public, his arm being considered too sacred for even the Empress to take.

A NEW YORK magistrate sentenced a girl of fourteen to ten days of hard labor and three months in the reformatory for stealing a magazine worth twenty cents.

THE *Nation* announces the near publication of "Recollections and Impressions, 1822-90," by O. B. Frothingham, and a fifth edition of J. W. Chadwick's "Bible of To-day," with new matter, bringing the history of the subject down to date.

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY has decided on the establishment of fifty-one new scholarships corresponding with the senatorial districts in Illinois, the senator from each district to have the right of nomination to the scholarships.

GEORGE W. CHILDS thinks it a mistake to put off being generous until after one is dead. "In the first place," he says, "you lose the pleasure of witnessing the good that you may do, and, again, no one can administer your gifts for you as well as you can do it for yourself."

THE Hillside parish and Home school in Wisconsin, prosper, notwithstanding the ever threatening illness of the season. There is a bell now in the belfry, a new steamboat on the river for the pleasure of those who will frequent the Tower Hill camping ground and attend the summer school and Sunday-school Institute next August.

WE read in the *Boston Budget* of a meeting recently held at the residence of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, in honor of the Russian patriot, Stepniak, who read a paper on the needs and wrongs of his country, in which a plea was made, not for material aid, but moral support. A committee was formed to inaugurate some practical work in this direction, consisting of Col. Higginson, Mr. Howells, Mr. Frank Garrison, Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Lillie B. Chace Wyman.

THE eighteenth session of the National Conference of Charities and Correction will be held in Indianapolis May 13-20. Rev. Oscar McCullough of that city is president of the Conference and will speak on "The Registration of the Dependent, Defective and Delinquent Classes" in the opening address. The programme comprises the usual list of timely and practical topics, to be treated by special students in their different lines of sociological investigation.

THE correspondent of last week did not add a paragraph about the Geneseo ordination which followed the meeting of the Rock River circle reported; but seldom is it the lot of a minister and his wife to be welcomed with more grace and heartiness to the work of the ministry than were Mr. and Mrs. Minnick. Peculiarly unique and fitting were the words of the faithful *past* minister and *present* parishioner, Mr. Miller. The sympathies of readers of UNITY, east and west, go out to the suffering Mrs. Miller and her husband. She is still enduring the trials of a long and painful illness.

A MINISTER whose church Mr. Gladstone attended when chancellor of the exchequer tells this story, "A crossing-sweeper in the parish, who had been some time ill, when asked by the vicar if anybody had been to see him, said, 'Yes, sir; Mr. Gladstone.' 'Which Mr. Gladstone?' he was asked. 'Why,' was the answer, 'Mr. Gladstone himself. He often speaks to me, and gives me something at my crossing. Not seeing me, he asked my mate, who was keeping it for me, why I was not there. He told him I was ill, and then he asked where I lived. So he came to see me, and talked and read to me.'"

THE State Horticultural Society of Wisconsin has issued a suggestive circular to those who have charge of the public schools of the state concerning the observance of Arbor Day. In addition to timely suggestions as to the literary and intellectual celebration of this day it contains admirable hints as to the best kinds of trees, shrubs and vines appropriate to that latitude. "What a great thought of God was that when he thought a tree!" said Ruskin; and truly he who plants a tree blesses generations to come and leaves a most beautiful monument behind him. Copies of this circular can doubtless be obtained by sending to the Secretary, B. S. Hoxie, Evansville, Wis.

THE evil influence of the lottery in New Orleans is recognized in the recent lynch trial of that city. Speaking of the dead Italians, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* says: "They may have deserved conviction and legal execution, but if justice was defeated by corrupt means the people of New Orleans have only themselves to blame. Citizens who have countenanced the legislation and protection of a huge lottery swindle which has corrupted executive officials, legislators, and judges on the bench, should not be astonished when the bribery of jurymen becomes an easy matter, and mobs proceed to do the work of justice which is obstructed in the courts by foul methods. The fruit of corrupted public conscience is lawless degradation.

Contributed and Selected.

As the Crow Flies.

He spreads his black wings and away,
Out-speeding the feet of the lagging day;
A speck on the far horizon's rim,
Then lost in purple distance dim.

Roads we build and steam we make,
In vain him to overtake;
Our earth-tied feet exert their speed,
Spurning the hills and dewy mead.

He is heaven's fleet messenger,
Him the jealous powers of air
The right of way unquestioned yield
Through their royal azure field.

Whate'er his business, what intent
He holds beneath the firmament,
Though but from withered branch to branch
That his bold flight which he would launch;

Swift his course, and keen and true,
As some prize his pinions drew.
So firm purpose draws the soul
Steadfast to whatever goal.

ALICE GORDON.

Out of the First Fear and Fall.

How we have talked over it, awed over—the past, and lavished easy credulity on it wholesale, till in our imagination things of remote times grew into perfection. After such a dream of many hundred years, we awaken to the fact that flesh and blood of old, as of kings, bishops, saints, chroniclers, prophets, no less than does the flesh and blood of to-day, must have struggled with ambitions, passions, loves, hates, schemes, failures and mistakes, with the jealousies and heart-burnings naturally belonging to a struggling humanity; trying to soothe the fear of death, and comfort the hope of life with a truth-bruised excuse for the plan of creation. Here then, we find the cause of such erroneous ideas of God and the universe, shaping all the early literature, which afterwards became the divine laws, later the "canonized scriptures," and were finally accepted as the "infallible Bible," with its beautiful truths so interwoven with the supposed boasts and childish feats of a God as to crucify reason.

There has ever been a natural fear coupled with the Unknown. Man first called it God, and trembled. He found mysterious things in common laws, read supernatural favor or doom in natural forces, and in trying to represent the Unknown put forth erroneous claims and credited man with things impossible to his state. In his own life where justice was yet a weakling, he found the belief that a favored few required the sacrifice of many. Each manifestation of natural laws and forces which he could not understand seemed to whisper "You are doomed." Floods, storms, famine and pestilence, were but the vengeance of God, whom he had unwittingly angered. Through suffering into civilization he found intelligence and refinement; still there was an Unknown to whisper his doom. At last the world gained courage to ask, "Why?" knowing many souls were innocent of any willful injustice to either God or man. For want of a better reason, the first man is called "Adam" and accused of a "fall." Through this reputed fall man fell into the "knowledge of good and evil." Self-consciousness led to civilization and refinement, to the railroad, steamship, printing press, telegraph and free schools. Since these things are far above the naked, brute existence of man, it was not a bad fall, yet many still cry, "Save us from this, the fruit of the fall!"

But no man living to-day, who is proud of the virtue of mother or sister, who has ever felt the thrill of truth or knowledge, would exchange this life of intelligence for an existence unconscious of nakedness and in no way above the common level of our domestic animals. To have fallen away from such a life was but a noble step from which there is no call to be "saved" through the sacrifice of innocent blood, or the office of a "Messiah." It was an exalted turn of life, a little higher, a little nearer to God. He who would have God meet such a grand evolution of life with anger or a curse, is himself an enemy to God and man. Life has grown to be a part and particle of God. We realize there is no longer need of Messiah or miracle, out of which superstition once shaped a code of laws for the salvation of that which never was lost, and never can be. There may be heart-sickness and pain, weakness and sin, arising from maladjustment to God, but man's intelligence and love for his fellows is God's first law.

The miraculous and the normal are fighting for the credulity of man. The traditional and the historical are in an unfriendly dispute. Which shall it be? We find the answer in the steady advance of intelligence and freedom of thought. The church persecutes her leading mind and bravest soul, but in a few years she advances carefully and slowly to the little clearing he left, pitches her tent there, and builds a monument to the memory of her once persecuted servant. By the revision of creeds, church controversy and heresy trials, we note the natural trend towards freedom, fellowship and character in religion, and see a world of churches slowly answering the roll-call to a common center, the fundamental principle of reason. Facing the universe directly, man finds no cause for fear. Her smiles and frowns are the ups and downs of his own striving, her threat of hell is but the spell of his credulity. Intelligence forbids him ask for miracles as a sign of God, and the putting to death of all reason as a false prophet. Let us look to find a noble man on the cross, his heart throbbing with love for his fellow-man. After doing all within his power to teach them, he had nothing more to offer but the life of a brave man.

Had this been God, after performing miracles for the purpose of convincing them, his mission would not yet have been ended, for out of this same dispute about him, "If thou be God," stalked those horrible machines of torture which extended the frightful tragedy between brothers, from one victim to thousands. No one man can embody all the virtues of humanity, nor its individual responsibilities, yet millions of souls looked to Zoroaster for salvation; millions of others to Buddha, to Confucius, to Mahomet, while millions are still grasping the phantom robes of Christ, pleading to be saved by the atonement of his blood. What does all this mean? Man not being rightly adjusted to truth and law, the law can but punish him, not in anger; but man in his ignorance stands in the way, and the changeless law ploughs on. Eternal punishment can in no way become a feature of the divine plan of creation, without making that plan a failure. When we allow God credit for a creative plan which shall fill all eternity, then the infallible books and other dogmas, will be but meaningless forms. We can not yet realize what eternity means, what a system of suns and worlds must imply, nor the needful vastness of a creative plan, worthy the infinite Creative Cause. When the fog of this forged faith shall have passed away, we can no longer believe the divine plan of life is limited to this one little mote of the universe, nor deem it more profitable to pray in ignorance, than to search and know.

ORL HOWELL.

Stuart, Ia., Apr. 13, 1891.

LOWEST? Nothing is lowest. Heaven is under our feet as well as over our heads.—*Michelet.*

EVERYTHING suffers from translation except a bishop.—*Chesterfield.*

The Study Table.

Books here noticed promptly sent on receipt of price by W. W. Knowles & Co., Publishers and Booksellers, 204 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Murvale Eastman, Christian Socialist. By Albion W. Tourgee. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert, $1.50.

This seems to us on the whole the livest novel of the year. All the force and vision that Judge Tourgee has hitherto applied to the Southern problem he has now turned on the greater question of social reform, and this book will at least serve to clear the ideas of many and to help dispel the lingering prejudices of those who regard socialism as something indefinably dreadful. The present book is a thoroughly modern novel dealing with life in an American city, and the hero is the young minister of a fashionable church, who becomes convinced by his own observations of the injustice of social institutions as they operate at present, and sets about, in a reasonable and temperate way, searching for remedies and applying them as fast as found.

One dialogue on pages 342-345 of the book, of which we subjoin a few lines, would make an admirable tract to give those who seem to think that righteousness and "vested rights" are practically interchangeable terms.

"No one has a right to take away from another what he has earned."

"You don't mean to say you have *earned* all you've got?"

"I've got it *lawfully*, which is the same thing. It's mine."

"That's just the thing; you got it lawfully, and you found it easier to increase it the richer you grew, did n't you?"

"Certainly: it's not much trouble to make a fortune after one has a good foundation; everybody knows that."

"The hard thing is to get a start."

"Of course."

"Well, now, don't you think it would be better if it was just turned around and made easy to get a start and hard to get more than enough?"

Japanese Girls and Women. By Alice Mabel Bacon. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, $1.25.

The author has here given us a pleasant and instructive volume on a side of Japanese life and character hitherto little understood or written about. Japan is a subject of more general interest just now than it has ever been before, and much has been written upon it, but nothing, almost, on the inner, domestic side, which, as the present author well observes, is an essential and formative feature of Japanese life, attention to which has been too long neglected. Miss Bacon writes as one who must have lived in Japan or have spent some time there, speaking of her long and intimate acquaintance with several Japanese women, the source of the information she has to give of their customs and manners. She writes in an easy, readable style, and has given us a work both interesting and profitable.

The Crystal Button: or Adventures of Paul Prognosis in the Forty-ninth Century. By Chauncey Thomas. With an Introduction by George Houghton. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

Another Utopia, the result of several years of study on "the material and mechanical possibilities of the future." On these lines the present book exhibits more originality and ingenuity than any other of the recent popular books of prophecy. In its political economy it is weak and confused, as we might point out if space permitted, but in its central thought, of the regeneration of society by the moral force of truth, it enunciates a principle too often overlooked. The following quotation from Rev. Newton M. Mann's "A Rational View of the Bible" is printed as the motto of the book:

"The assertion that the sole essential quality of God's word is *truth* brings the Eternal Presence into instant communication with every pure spirit."

The Vikings in Western Christendom. By C. F. Keary, M. A., F. S. A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, $2.50.

We like the plan of this book very much, which includes something more than an account of dates and those leading external events which make up so much historical writing, and embodies several chapters, the first three and the last, dealing with the thought conditions of the time, and treating with philosophical breadth and insight the great mental change in Northern Europe wrought in the passage from heathendom to Christianity. Prof. Keary's work deals with that early era of the Scandinavian people from which we derive that mass of legendary lore and song which is the delight of the student of Northern mythology; a period which, as he says, is faintly illuminated with but a single ray of real history, that supplied in the patient records of the early chroniclers. The painstaking care with which this work has been accomplished is illustrated in the fact that it was begun in 1882. Its merit as a work of reference on the subject it treats so exhaustively, is enhanced by a map, genealogical and chronological tables and a very full index. The publisher's work is done in the handsome and substantial style which marks the books issued by this firm.

Easy Lessons on the Constitution of the United States. By Alfred Bayliss. Chicago: W. W. Knowles & Co.

A useful and needed text-book printed with blank leaves for the use of the pupil, and containing much valuable instruction on an important topic, too little or too unintelligently attended to in our public schools. Each lesson after the first contains a set of questions reviewing the contents of the preceding chapter. There are fifteen lessons in all, followed by a copy of the Constitution of the United States, with amendments and the history of its growth and adoption. An excellent book for the home library as well as the school.

Thine, not Mine. By William Everett. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This book, a sequel to "Changing Base," is an attractive one for boys. Descriptions of base ball matches, circus performances, etc., serve agreeably to sugar-coat the moral which the author administers to his juvenile readers in large doses.

IT is said that Prof. W. W. Goodwin, of Harvard has received a copy of the manuscript of Aristotle, the treatise on the constitution of Athens, recently discovered and sent to the British museum; and that this is the first copy sent to this country.

JEANIE MORISON through the Blackwood press of Edinburgh gives us the last volume on "Sordello." It is in the shape of an "Outline Analysis" that was approved by Mr. Browning himself on its first publication in 1889. This book is one more of many evidences that there is some strange vitality about the poem of which it treats and which is so often summarily dismissed as being unworthy the study it demands. Will the wise critics explain why so many of the poems they pronounce "good" die so easily, and why so many of the poems which they pronounce "bad" persist in living?

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY'S place is secure among the minor poets. He surely knows how to sing a "simple and heartfelt lay." He has found a new field, an unworked dialect in his "Rhymes of Childhood." How funny and mellow, how tender, true, yes, how religious is the prattle of babes; and how well does Mr. Riley report this prattle. Surely no one ever knew before how to spell baby language like this author of the "Raggedy Man."

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice.

Juggernaut. By George Cary Eggleston and Dolores Marbourg. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 343. Price $1.25.

If She Will, She Will. By Mary A. Denison. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Paper, 16mo, pp. 351. Price 50 cts.

Six Centuries of Work and Wages. J. E. Thorold Rogers. New York: Humboldt Publishing Co. Paper, 12mo, pp. 160. Price 25 cts.

Charles Darwin, (Leaders in Science.) **His Life and Work.** By Charles Frederick Holder. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 279. Price $1.50.

From Timber to Town. Down in Egypt. By an early settler. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 287. Price $1.00.

Down the O-hi-o. B. Charles Humphrey Roberts. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 313. Price $1.25.

Drinking Water and Ice Supplies. By T. Mitchell Prudden. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 148. Price 75 cts.

The Speculator. By Clinton Ross. New York G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 125. Price 75 cts.

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Sentiment vs. Science.

By Dr. C. T. Stockwell.

Read before a Scientific and Philosophical Society, the subject being assigned.

The exact wording of our subject to-night seems to me to be slightly unfortunate. It, at least, does not express the general thought that I shall attempt to set forth during the brief time in which your attention is solicited.

Sentiment *vs.* science, and science *vs.* sentiment has been, and is, too true, a statement of the relation that has in the past, at least, too often existed between two classes of facts, and two classes of adherents to these facts. Science *as* a fact should not be antagonistic to that other fact, sentiment. And sentiment—the older, the "Ancient of Days"—should not be so overjealous of the younger and, perhaps, more aggressively assuming reality. Sentiment need not fear, as she sometimes appears to do, that science is to supplant, or dethrone her. Properly and rightly viewed science can be nothing less—or more, I was about to say—than an efficient ally to the highest and truest sentiment. Carlyle says, in substance, that: "When everything in the universe is looked into deeply enough harmony is seen to exist." Harmony means unity; and it should be remembered that our scientists and philosophers are already talking about the unity of all things in the universe, even to the extent of claiming "the identity of contraries."

Now, strange as it may seem to those who are essentially and exclusively devotees to science, or devotees to sentiment, there is, it seems to us, an identity of sentiment and science. There is an actual relationship between each which, if properly apprehended, removes any seeming antagonism that exists. Webster defines the general scope of the term sentiment as follows: "To perceive by the senses and the mind, to feel, to think. A thought prompted by passion or feeling; a state of mind in view of some subject; disposition prompting to action or expression. Hence, generally, the decision of the mind formed by deliberation or reasoning." Mr. Hume sometimes employs, and correctly I think, the word sentiment as synonymous with feeling.

In fact when we trace back the word along the line of its derivatives, *to feel* would seem to best express the original meaning, as *to know* would be a true and very accurate definition of the word science. In Faust's reply to Margaret's question: "Dost thou believe in God?" Goethe draws a wonderfully accurate picture of the modern idea of God as all pervading and immanent in the universe, and then closes as follows:

> Fill thence thy heart, how large soe'er it be;
> And in the *feeling* when thou utterly art blest,
> Then call it what thou wilt,—
> Call it Bliss! Heart! Love! God!
> I have no name for it!

'Tis *feeling* all. Sentiment, or feeling, would, therefore, seem to be the *self recording measure* of one's apprehension. The mind, some how or other, becomes conscious of certain realities, or what for a time, at least, are considered realities. Hence, and because of this or that apprehension, the various emotions, feelings, etc., arise or result. In other words, *objective realities* produce a *corresponding subjective consciousness* in a ratio *commensurate* with the relative *comprehension* of these realities.

Or, again, the more deeply we see into a given phenomenon, or all phenomena, and the more comprehensively we take in, or grasp, the totality of the relations of each phenomenon to all others, and of all other phenomena to it, the more clearly shall we see, as Carlyle says, the universal harmony that underlies all seeming antagonisms. If this be true, the character and quality of sentiment or feeling will be determined by the character and quality of the perception. That is, our sentiments, our thoughts, our feelings must be determined, very largely at least, by the scope and range of our apprehension of facts as they exist all about us. Not alone, of a single fact, or a series of facts, but, rather, of the whole universe of facts, and, also, the relation of one to all others, and of all others to the one or single fact.

Now if science is: "The collection, arrangement and classification of physical phenomena in such a manner as to best determine the nature and scope of physical laws," a true sentiment can not regard such an aid to the proper apprehension of phenomena and law as anything less than a most desirable ally. Emerson gives expression to this thought in the following: "How calmly and genially the mind apprehends one after another the laws of physics! What noble emotions dilate the mortal as he enters into the councils of the creation, and feels by knowledge the privilege to Be! His insight refines him. The beauty of nature shines in his breast. Man is greater that he can see this, and the universe less, because Time and Space relations vanish as laws are known." Science, therefore, should be proud of its achievements in the direction of elevating and ennobling the highest and most divine part of man. I am aware, however, that, right here, is stated that which both classes have been too much in the habit of denying. Some of our scientists claim that the highest and most divine part of man does not lie in the sentimental or emotional side of his nature. And the other class, some of our poets, for instance, have been only too ready to claim that the highest and most divine part of man owes little, if anything, to science; that the elevating and ennobling of the emotional side of men comes about, if at all, in spite of science. That both sides are wrong in this respect, would seem to be the more rational view. It is perfectly natural, perhaps, especially in the light of human limitations, that each should assert itself as the most essential element in human experience; as chiefest in the realm of being. But is it not so, wherever it exists, because of the limitations referred to?

The high soprano of one of our modern, complex organs may assert its supremacy as compared with the harsher notes of the sub-base; and the latter may claim, with its thundering voice, that it, alone, should be heard and respected; but the waiting audience below will not be especially inspired by, or even much interested in, the presentment of the individual, counter-declarations of each. Each, surely, possesses an essential and an indispensable tone. But the harmony of tone, that which stirs the soul and lifts the audience as if on wings of light, is the result of the blending of individual notes under the will and touch of a master hand. Of course, in a certain large sense, the best harmony is produced when each most thoroughly asserts itself; but it is by an expression in unison and not discord that such a result is gained. There surely is no occasion for antagonism; and clearly, it is not the function of each key to sneer at the other, or attempt to invalidate its right to be. The organ is more of an organ because of its complexity and diversity of notes; and one key is as essential as any other to the completion of the purpose of the designer. A solo is good, and deserves our attention; but a symphony is better. Melody is certainly agreeable to the ear, but harmony penetrates to the soul.

And so, if it were possible to find a man who is simply a physical and intellectual being, no matter how high a type, such a man would not appear to be so complete a man as he whose possessions include that other element called the spiritual. The physical, intellectual *and* spiritual would seem to constitute the highest type of human existence. Science, in order to be science, must, as it does and always has, for itself, repress sentiment. It must not swerve one jot or tittle from the direct line of law whatever the emotion, preconceived notion or feeling may be. Whenever it yields to any other course than the guidance of exact fact or law, it ceases to be science. And so, schooled by this method, many of our scientists are supposed to possess no sentiment at all; to be, in fact, antagonistic to sentiment. Suffering this repression, the sentimental or emotional side of such men may be retarded. It must, at least, be of a slower growth than in the case of one who cultivates sentiment. And if he dabbles merely in the superficial facts of nature, he may flatter himself that the grandest poetical or philosophic flights that the world has ever exhibited has no warrant in the range of his limited facts and, consequently, "is mere sentiment." But let him plod on, and dig on; let him attempt to unravel the complexities of this phenomenon, follow up the manifestations of that law, and resolve the various problems of even the grosser forms of—so-called—matter into their constituent elements, and he will sooner or later, find that the attempt to permanently repress the emotions is a fruitless task. They may not break out nor assert themselves in any threadbare or conventional way, but assert themselves they will, and finally, bid defiance to the human will.

If the time was when all roads led to Rome, the time now is when it must be seen that all of nature's laws lead up to nature, or nature's author, —God. The more thorough one's knowledge of the varied manifestations of law, the more deep must be the subjective consciousness that, at least, is akin to reverential awe. The more profoundly one understands the nature and infinite extent of those forces that act and react in every cubic inch of infinite space, the more profound must be his feelings of wonder, admiration and worship. In other words, knowledge must lead to sentiment. "Realism" must result in "Idealism."

There is to-day—I might almost say—more of idealism in our scientific literature than of realism. More of hypothesis than of exact demonstrable fact. Scientific hypothesis, and scientific idealism, it is true, but none the less idealistic and hypothetic. The strictly rigid line between the realistic and idealistic can no more be definitely drawn than can the exact point be determined where white ceases and black begins. Matter, even as a fact of sensible substance, has always appealed to the universal sentiment of the world; but science, in these later days, has pushed it—matter—far out into the dim realm of non-existence, or of idealistic "modes of motion"; and sentiment is only just beginning to adjust itself to the tremendous revolution.

This readjustment of sentiment to the broader horizon of truth and scientific fact is markedly manifest in the writings of Emerson and the poetry of Browning. In a very significant sense they are modern John the Baptists crying in the general wilderness of actualities: Prepare ye the way for the new dispensation of thought, feeling, emotion, and spiritual insight and outsight that lie just beyond the realm of sense, and all that is merely physical. Their summons to us is to rise into the realm of soul and spirit, the true heritage of man, and where the real verities alone reside.

And this call, this spiritual light, which they project into the enveloping darkness of human apprehension, is based upon a tower of intellectual acquirement that renders them conspicuous illustrations of the thought I am trying to present.

The all-pervading, imponderable, luminiferous ether of the scientific world, is an instance where the ideal had to be resorted to in order to explain the real. And so we might go on almost indefinitely and show how duality seems to merge itself, finally, into unity, and how antagonistically entities apparently exist only in the light of an imperfect knowledge. In sober earnestness it almost seems to-day that we must regard the idealistic as the only reality. And if the world is not, to-day, rapidly moving toward an age of idealism, if, in fact, the advanced thought of the world is not just entering upon such an age, it surely is not the fault of science. When matter is explained, or defined, and necessarily so, as a form or expression of force, or as modes of motion, it is difficult to see why the mind, the soul, the spirit are not also to be accounted for upon the same basis. If matter in all its complex variety of modes merges finally into force, then the ultimate realities, "subtle, far-reaching, wonderful," must lie in a realm beyond, far beyond, the materialistic world of phenomena. When spirit, the thing itself back of force, is seen to be the only real matter simply phenomenal, then "Realism" and "Idealism" will have changed positions, as it would seem that they are rapidly doing, to-day, in the advanced thought of the world; then it will be perceived that realism *is* idealism.

But, viewing man as he is found to-day,—to take another view of the subject,—there are many things connected with his life and being that can not be expressed by any known mathematical formula. He is a being of intuitions, of emotions, attractions, *of sentiment*, in short, as well as of reason or of "exact knowledge." These are facts of our being as well as the others, and they constitute much the largest part of our lives, and can not be set aside or ignored. Sentiment has, also, other allies than science, and other avenues of insight and outsight. We may be deeply stirred, ennobled and lastingly benefited by the manifest strength, stability, grandeur and sublimity of a vast mountain range. It may be, to our consciousness, a voice that shall open a vista through the mists of materialistic doubt, while at the same time we may be totally unconscious of the particular method of nature—or mode of motion—by which such a phenomenon may be physically explained. Were we capable, however, of comprehending all that the mountain is, is it reasonable to suppose that our emotions would be less, that our inspiration would be banished, that the vista would be closed? Could we know all that the mountain is, we should, rather, no longer need the inspiration or the vista. The materialistic fogs and mists would disappear, and the glass through which we now strain our eyes to catch a passing glimpse would become transparent and clear, the opaqueness of a partial knowledge being removed. Would the emotions also go? If so, we had better besmear our windows with the mud of doubt and fear; or, rather, by the cobwebs of ignorance, and rest satisfied with the struggling rays of light that penetrate to our consciousness through the dimmed glass of an imperfect perception. But this need not be, and is not the case with our greatest scientists. Clifford could praise over his crucible, and Tyndall worship on the Alps. All high men of science will understand and appreciate the sentiment of Prof. Tyndall when, stirred by the presence of a great mountain, he wrote these signif-

icant lines: "Of the grandeur of the mountain scenery half the interest in such cases is psychological; the soul takes the hint of surrounding nature and becomes majestic." No, a true sentiment should not be, is not afraid of the truth that science may be able to demonstrate regarding the physical world. She will stand approvingly and smilingly by while science digs and delves *in* the mountain, knowing full well that there is *perfect harmony* between each individual part and the grand and sublime whole. She may, occasionally, invite her ally to come out from the darkness of detail drudgery and look up to the summit of aggregated details, and catch a glimpse of the light that is struggling to shine through when he shall have solved the last element and removed the last stain of physical uncertainty.

Does the scientist, on the other hand, aim at an impossible result? The world has long claimed that science would never proceed further than this point, or, at most, to that point. But she has gone on, leaving the "nevers" continually behind. Those who are best informed as to how nearly chemistry, biology, and the allied sciences have come to the actual bridging of the gulf that formerly existed between the organic and inorganic worlds, will say the least of this word "never." The "impossible" is continually happening, and the end is not yet within hailing distance. In the meantime idealism is not idly waiting; and from the lofty peaks of intuition and inspiration she recognizes her own, and calls out to science to verify her visions. And right here let me quote a very apt and significant definition of this word "science," which is formulated by a scientific professor in one of our leading New England Universities. "Science," he says, "*is the verification of the ideal* in nature." Does not history show this to be a fact? Poetry, all down the ages, is full of *visions* which science, in these later days, is demonstrating to have been *prophecies*. Dante, for instance, had to wait a good many hundreds of years for science to verify some of his ideals of nature. But all true poets can well afford to patiently and serenely wait.

And if there is a physical science to which sentiment is so deeply indebted, then there must follow a mental and psychological science; and "the scientific method" may, very possibly, be to us the key by which we may, finally, succeed in unlocking and discovering the secrets of the mind and of the soul also. It is the veritable function of science to unravel *all* the mysteries of nature. And this function she is fulfilling every day. Even such a man as Clifford defines the sphere of science as co-extensive with the interests of man. And Huxley would make its domain uniform with that of human reason. Nowhere is science more active, to-day, than along the border-line of the physical and psychical. And by it dead, inert, absolutely passive matter has been analyzed out of existence altogether. Living, active force and consciousness, with the implications of these terms, are all that is left us as realities; and so, by scientific analysis itself, everything is pushed out into the realm of mental and psychical conception. In formulating the premise that "function precedes organism," or that function is a determining force in organism, science sweeps forever from the world gross materialism. It, as a philosophic theory, no longer has a place in the thought of intelligent men. And so, if science herself has forever closed the mouth of positive materialism, even though it affirms nothing higher as a substitute than agnosticism, sentiment will surely applaud the act, and trust, with a larger hope, that her achievements are not yet fully realized, and bid God-speed to a method of science which has already accomplished so much. In the language of Emerson: "We draw from nature the lesson of an intimate divinity. . . Every earnest glance we give to the realities around us, with intent to learn, proceeds from an holy impulse, and is really songs of praise. What difference can it make whether it take the shape of exhortation, or of passionate exclamation, or of scientific statement? These are forms merely. Through them we express, at last, the fact that God has done thus or thus."

Science and sentiment will agree also: That "the only way *into* nature is to enact our best insight." In doing this, "Instantly we are higher poets, and can speak a deeper law." As the gnarled and sturdy oak, able to live and breast the storms of a thousand years, is but "the arrest and fixation (in organic forms) of the most volatile and ethereal currents," so the character and soul of man must be determined by the arrest and fixation, the crystallization and conversion to use of those more than ethereal currents of inspiration, of aspiration, of sentiment, of idealism that so powerfully, yet tenderly appeal to us, "woo and court us from every object in nature, from every fact in life, from every thought of the mind," from every intuition of the soul. We must appropriate, like the oak, from the solid earth beneath us—science, and from the upper air of the invisible and immaterial influences that emanate from the all-pervading and all-environing "Oversoul." No life is worth the living, or worthy of its being, that is not full of active aspiration for something higher and nobler than the actualities of any passing moment. And if any emphasis is to mark the word *active*, as qualifying the aspiration, then we may well heed the words of a very wise man who said: "The one condition coupled with the gift of truth is its use." "Do what you know, and *perception* is converted into *character*, as islands and continents were built by invisible infusoria."

We are quite apt to overlook the power of environment as an organizing and developing force, and to forget how difficult it is to separate ourselves from our environment. When we stop to consider the matter for a moment we see, at once, that it is, in fact, nearly, if not quite, impossible to adequately estimate its power. Take, for instance, so material a form of our environment as the atmosphere. This presses down upon us at the rate of about 14 pounds to the square inch. We are absolutely dependent upon it for physical being. Separate ourselves from it, for a few moments only, and what becomes of that physical being? Upon its constant inhalation depends the vital activities of that being. But who can tell when it ceases to be *air* and becomes a part, and a vital part of *ourselves*. And, again, is it not pretty difficult to separate ourselves from the intellectual or moral atmosphere of our environment? Can we do it entirely? If we do succeed to some extent, is it not because we open ourselves to, and lay hold upon, a finer and a higher world, a spiritual environment, that surrounds us and ever presses down upon us, as absolutely as does this world of air which, consciously and unconsciously, invades and becomes a part of our physical being? We are surrounded also by an infinite world of harmony, and some of us are finely enough organized to be able to catch some of its notes and materialize them in the form of musical technique, as well as to incorporate them into our soul life.

And the same is true, also, in regard to an ideal world. There is a world of thought, of ideas, that environs us as really as the atmosphere world, and from it we may and do draw that sustenance which is necessary to the life and development of the mental and spiritual parts of our threefold natures. These are all pressing down upon us with the force and constancy of gravitation itself, and nothing but the force of an inheritance of imperfection withstands their transforming influence, and uplifting power. And whenever our individual intellects and wills are so educated as to impel us to properly and wisely adjust ourselves to these higher and finer environments, then we shall not cease to rise to an higher and ever higher life. If our physical life depends upon the manner of our adaptation to physical environment, it would seem to be equally true that the great march of the mind and soul of man depends, as surely, upon his *attitude* and *powers of adaptation to* the spiritual forces that surround him. We surely need to keep the windows of the soul ever open towards the peaks and mountains of inspiration, of high emotions and sentiments, and *breathe in* those divine airs and ethereal currents that emanate from the realm of spiritual realities and supernal heights. And by the incorporation into our being of these atoms of spiritual substance, we build and develop a form of being that is adequate to the withstanding of any wreck of worlds or of perishable forms of matter.

Let me recur to just one point more to which reference has been made; that of *intuition*.

Scientific men are apt to ridicule, or at least to ignore that quality of the mind called intuition; when, as it seems to us, it is a fact of our being as certainly as any other fact, and can be explained upon scientific grounds. It belongs to that class of truths termed the subjective, and is as real, and, within its sphere, as reliable as the objective truths of science. The truths or facts of instinct, of intuition, are written all down the history of the world. They appear in its great literature, great poems, its various systems of ethnic religions, etc.; often written in revolting and fantastic forms, it is true, but, nevertheless, ever tending more and more to purify itself and rise toward the conception that "the kingdom of heaven is within and not without;" that—as with science in these later days—the real is invisible and lies back of form and the phenomenal.

By intuition is meant that which may be best expressed, perhaps, by the term *crystallized inheritance*. If the oak, before referred to, is but the result of organized or crystallized volatile gases, or matter in that state, so I would say that, in a metaphysical sense, the *experiences of the ages* surrounds us, to-day, in a form as real as do the volatile, gaseous forms of matter the growing oak. Ethereal and idealistic as the fact of the world's experience may be, it is still a fact, and is capable of being woven into our very being. Unconsciously it is woven into, and becomes a part of our natures, by the laws that govern the processes of inheritance. Consciously we may appropriate more fully from the same source.

The three great controlling factors in every man's life are, first, inheritance; second, the power of adaptation, or the innate tendency to differentiate; and third, environment. Of these three, the first and the last—inheritance and environment—are much the stronger. Given a man's inheritance and his environment, and you can very accurately forecast his future. To catch the significance of the point I am trying to make, imagine a man without any inheritance,—the hypothetical first man—Adam. Give him a perfect physical form, an intellect correspondingly capable, the whole universe before him, but no experience behind him. Would such a man possess the same powers of perception, of apprehension, as does a like man of to-day, who not only has all that our supposed man had, and, in addition thereto, an inheritance from all the ages past? There can be no comparison between such men. One will possess, in a potential form at least, powers that are entirely foreign to the other. There are experiences and sentiments of the whole human race, conscious or otherwise, stored up somewhere aloft in our being, slumbering as it were in our natures, ready to be awakened into action by any bent of corresponding circumstances, constituting an inheritance out of all the life that has been lived before us, to which no age, no human being has failed to add his contribution.

George Eliot gives a fine expression to this thought in the following:

"Lay the young eagle in what nest you will,
The cry and swoop of eagles overhead
Vibrate prophetic in its kindred frame
And make it spread its wings and poise itself
For the eagle's flight."

And, again:

"Our finest hope is finest memory."

Our inheritance brings us the results of the experience, not of one man, of one fallible mind alone, but of the whole human race. It is a legacy from the ages past, affirmed and reaffirmed in each life. And by the scientific law of the "survival of the fittest," the fittest hopes, the fittest memories, the fittest aspirations and intuitions remain. By this law only the great poems, the great literature, the great thoughts of the world live and pass down from age to age. And these are great, and survive, in *proportion to their capacity to appeal to an exalted sentiment*, and to reach out into that realm of *idealistic* realities which lie beyond the plane of merely physical and intellectual demonstration.

Take any of the world's great poems, the philosophy of Plato, or the Sermon on the Mount. There is little in any of these that appeals to our scientific faculties, or that can be measured by any exact mathematical formula. And yet, who will say that the world is not vastly the gainer because of them. They transcend the science of to-day, at least, and survive most conspicuously in the being and consciousness of those great, strong, sturdy, serene souls who have absorbed most thoroughly from these and similar sources, and have arrested, fixed and crystallized in organic form these more than ethereal and idealistic currents that constitute our environment and inheritance. All our highest knowledge is derived from this source. The results of inherited experience take the form of feelings, intuitions, laws of thought, character. A poor, shallow creature indeed must any man be without this inheritance; with a knowledge derived from his short-sighted experience only. However brilliant the intellect, that which makes a man really great is something higher and better than this; is not derived from this source alone. That finer atmosphere of spiritual memories and spiritual environment which surrounds the soul of every man, whether he be conscious of it or not, is luminous with a light as unquenchable as the soul itself; and by the laws that relate to, and exist between, the objective realities and our subjective consciousness, must, sooner or later, make itself universally felt and acknowledged.

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BLESSED BE DRUDGERY—A sermon by W. C. Gannett, &c., cloth. UNITY PUBLISHING COMMITTEE, Chicago.
Pand
ROS.
VER.

Notes from the Field.

Des Moines.—The late session of the Iowa Conference at this place was especially marked by the full and earnest discussion of missionary work. Two of the papers announced on the programme, one by Rev. H. M. Simmons, of Minneapolis, on "Woman's Place in the Universe," and a sermon by Rev. J. R. Effinger, were not given, but the time was given to a continuation of the discussion of practical work. Rev. Mary A. Safford, of Sioux City, preached the Conference sermon on "Religion's Debt to the Doubter," in which she spoke of the mistaken feeling of distrust and fear in which the religious mind has always held the opinions of the skeptic and the doubter, and showed the real service honest doubt has rendered true belief in all ages, and the difference between the old and new thought of religion in their attitude towards new and growing truths. On Tuesday afternoon Prof. R. E. Call, of the Des Moines High School, and a practical student of science, read a paper on "The Religious Aspect of Evolution," making a strong plea for the use of reason and the whole of the human intellect in the study of religious questions. Rev. A. M. Judy, of Davenport, gave in the evening an essay entitled "On What Grounds Church Union is Possible," urging that the true basis of such union must be in the line of practical work, the common interest felt in the general questions of reform and philanthropy. Rev. S. S. Hunting spoke on "A New Policy for the Public Schools," dealing especially with the recent Roman Catholic controversy, and pleading in his own earnest and vigorous style for a public school system freed from every possible sectarian limitation. Mrs. Celia P. Woolley followed with an essay on "Liberty and Loyalty in Religion." The closing sermon was preached by Rev. J. Ll. Jones on the subject "Paul on Mars Hill." The Conference pledged itself to raise $500 for the prosecution of its missionary work, the A. U. A. adding a dollar to every one raised in the State.

Boston.—At the meeting of the Sunday-school Union Rev. Nehemiah Boynton, the prominent Congregational minister of Boston, gave the main address on "Methods of Sunday-school Teaching." He attended the meeting, he said, in obedience to an injunction of an old school minister, given to him when he first accepted a Boston pastorate, viz., "The Unitarians, give it to them." New views of Christian fraternity now prevail, and better Sunday-school work is now done everywhere than was possible in face of old-time denominational prejudices. The old Hebrew method of juvenile religious instructions was admirable as primitive schooling. Children were taught up to the fifth year reverence for God and for the Hebrew Bible in their homes. From five to twelve years of age they memorized the old scriptures. At twelve they began to study the Talmud or books of Sermons. This later study never stopped during a lifetime.

Mr. Boynton gave three rules for Sunday-school teachers: 1st. Believe in the dignity of the work. Believe in the children's capacities. Look forward to the future character and usefulness of the pupils. 2d. Use indirect methods. Do not simply say to the pupils, "It is now Sunday, leave thoughts of ball and top and come to Jesus," but fill the boy's mind so full of cheerful, hopeful, sympathetic religion that he will rise above thoughts of play. Enter into his daily life, and you can interest him in making that life holy and useful. 3d. Remember that the child has an intellectual and social life as well as a spiritual life. Touch his character on all sides. Remember always, however, the great Christian aim to develop the spiritual nature and to have it rule the whole character.

Mr. Boyton's church maintains clubs for boys and girls, with costly apparatus for exercises and games and reading and social improvement. Frequent church membership comes as a result of his club companionship with street youth.

—Rev. Edw. E. Hale christened the three grandsons of Rev. Thomas Starr King in San Francisco.

—Rev. Arthur M. Knapp will directly resume preaching in New England.

—Rev. Philip S. Moxom (Baptist), will address the "Ministerial Union" on "The Work of the Christian Minister of To-day."

—The society which the late James Freethan Clarke founded, will, on April 27th celebrate its fiftieth anniversary.

—Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer was ordained April 19th, as a Unitarian minister in Providence, R. I.

—At a meeting of the A. U. A. $2,000 were appropriated for cost of new and old tract publications. Some moneys were voted to societies in the New England and the Middle States. Also voted $500 to Western superintendent, $90 to print Icelandic books, $600 to West Superior, Wis., $200 to Neillsville, $400 to Topeka, Kan.

Middleboro, Mass.—In the Boston *Daily Globe* of April 11, we find a wood-cut and a brief history of the new Unitarian church, now rapidly approaching completion in Middleboro, of which Rev. Wm. N. Ramsay is pastor. The interest was first awakened under the preaching of Rev. Henry C. McDougal, of Rockland, in 1878. In June, 1889, Rev. W. H. Ramsay preached three Sundays "and was promptly settled." A period of great prosperity ensued, resulting in one of the largest and strongest congregations of the town. The site for the new church was presented to the society by the Hon. Enoch Pratt, of Baltimore. The church will be ready for dedication in May or June.

Florence, Mass.—A late paper gives an interesting report of the executive committee of the Free Congregational society of Florence, Rev. Frederick Hinckley, resident speaker. The society seems to be in excellent condition, and full of hope and courage for the future. The report says: "We believe that the Free Congregational society of Florence is planted on a principle that is not only rational and philosophical, but Scriptural and religious. How can one obey the Scriptural injunction to grow in grace and knowledge if he is bound hand and foot to a creed."

Decorah.—Rev. S. S. Hunting writes: Our Easter Sunday School service of forty minutes consisted of recitations and singing and a temperance dialogue all under the direction of Mrs. Anna Cadwell, the superintendent. The children were deeply interested and the children were pleased. The minister followed with a short address touching the fact that one person had passed out of the church into the silence, and dwelling on the hopeful view of the future life. The Easter sermon in the evening was upon "The Natural and the Spiritual Body."

Houlton, Me.—The Unitarian minister of this place, Rev. O. K. Crosby, writes that he is trying to adopt the six years' course in the Sunday-school, but finds a difficulty on account of the want of reference books. He adds that on Easter morning he received into the church sixty-two new members for which he had worked and waited, and he hopes the way is now open to more important results.

St. Paul.—The daily paper brings reports of sermons by W. S. Vail, of the Universalist church at the Opera House, and by S. M. Crothers at Unity church. Mr. Crothers wins increasing recognition in St. Paul, and the church is rapidly filling up. On a recent Sunday evening it was necessary to bring in chairs to seat the large congregation present.

Wichita, Kan.—An order comes from Wichita for five hundred copies of Unity Short Tract, No. 17, entitled "The Things Most Commonly Believed Among Us." We hear of the increasing growth and prosperity of the Wichita church under the ministry of Rev. Eugene R. Shippen, son of Rev. Rush R. Shippen of Washington, D. C.

Minneapolis.—The subject of a recent sermon preached at Century Hall by Rev. S. W. Sample was "A Faith That is Not Folly." Any faith, said the speaker, that asks a man to lay aside his reason is a faith of folly and ought to be dispensed with.

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Sun.—To find God, we need not always look conventionally upward.

Mon.—Where highest need is, there is God's command to help.

Tues.—No man worthy of doing anything noble, ever reached his ideal.

Wed.—Evil is only perversion or excessive use of those things which are right.

Thurs.—The root of selfishness is ignorance.

Fri.—Happiness in the presence of sorrow is a benediction.

Sat.—Learn that the thing to fear is not death, but life.

—*M. J. Savage.*

Spring Song.

How soft swell the little brown buds on the trees;
The sun-beams, how gayly they dance and they play,
The little rills laugh with the stir of the breeze,
And scatter gold wavelets in delicate spray.

The birds in the tree-tops are mad with their glee,
Their little hearts filled with the promise of spring;
While their songs flood the woodland with rich harmony,
And the hearts of all Nature in chorus doth sing.

O beautiful world! Full of meaning and worth,
Reflection of infinite Beauty and Love;
We own thy celestial, immaculate birth,
Thy splendor but shadows thy glory above.

E. P.

How to Decide It.

"Who is that big boy, Alec, who calls out so loud, and seems to make so many people mind him?"

Mildred was watching a game of baseball, and Alec was trying to explain it to her.

"Oh!" said he, "that is the umpire; you see he decides what is fair and what is n't, and that keeps the boys from quarreling."

"Do they all mind him?" questioned the little girl.

"Have to," answered Alec, "because that's the rule."

A few weeks later, Alec and Mildred went to the country with their mother, to board for some time in a big farm house, with ever so many other little people. It seemed very hard at first to get along smoothly; some wanted to play one thing and some another; some wanted to take too many turns in the swing, and some wanted more than their share of cherries.

"Why not have a gumpire?" cried Mildred, one day.

"A gump what?" said the others.

But Alec laughed and laughed till he rolled over in the grass.

"She means an umpire," he explained, when he could get his breath; and when he told them what an umpire was, they thought it a fine idea.

And, indeed, it proved to be a good plan. They took it by turns being umpire, day about, and they were very careful to do as the umpire decided, when any dispute arose. So all that summer they played under the maple trees without any quarreling.—*The Jewish Messenger.*

Helpfulness.

We can all take to ourselves this lesson of helpfulness from the story of the blind horse and goose, told in a recent number of UNITY; and another story I will tell you of the helpfulness of the lower creatures.

If you know about the lizard family you must agree with me that they are almost as hideous to meet as a snake. I run from either of them, and can scent their peculiar green odor a long way off. Underneath our hilltop, below a few feet of black soil, is a blue-green clay, and it seems to be a home for one kind of lizard. A vault had been dug, and while not yet covered, there came a driving autumn rain and filled it nearly full. Then we discovered that the water had ever so many lizards in it, in an agony to get out. The large ones had placed themselves at the bottom of the column, then the next size, and the little ones at the top, and with all their skill and might the large ones pushed up the little ones, until finally, after many times falling back and building up the column again and again, the little ones were saved and the parents made their escape also.

Do we take the chances we have to give each other a lift? M. A. C.

A CERTAIN little three-year-old, who might be called a reader-by-proxy of the "Home," through his mother, is famous for asking questions. A few Sundays ago, after an unusually long and exhaustive string of "whys," he capped the climax by asking "Mamma, *where* do the *whys* come from?" She tapped his forehead significantly but did not attempt to enlighten him further.

One at a Time.

One little grain in the sandy bars,
One little flower in the field of flowers,
One little star in a heaven of stars,
One little hour in a year of hours—
What if it makes? or what if it mars?

But the bar is built of the little grains,
And the little flowers make the meadows gay;
And the little stars light the heavenly plains,
And the little hours of each little day
Give to us all that life contains.

—*Ernest Whitney.*

MR. A. D. HALE, superintendent of the newly organized Sunday-school at Limekiln, Washington, asks at UNITY office for Sunday-school Manuals, lesson cards, and papers. We hope that any schools which can spare such supplies for this new field will remember the need and forward them to Mr. Hale.

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Fall Gardening.

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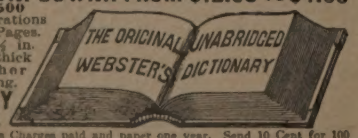

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